

# A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

**This Inexplicable Season—The Price of Milk—Crops which Have Thriven and Crops which Have Failed—The Why of it No Man Can Explain—The Farmer Cannot Starve if Provident Whatever Other Misfortune May Befall Him.**

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

You may have observed that I've had a good deal to say about the importance of seasonal conditions. Perhaps you think I may have "harped" too much on that string. Nevertheless, I'm going to sound the note again. Just at present it is the one tune that rings loudest in my own ears.

While the farmers of the west are working from dawn till dark to gather in and care for the biggest crops of wheat and oats ever raised, and are reporting prospects for a bumper crop of corn, this particular corner of agricultural America in which we live has been overlooked in the distribution of the blessings. We are not starving, thank you, and do not expect to. But we are in a very bad way. I have a bad business man; you may lose money on three-quarters of your crops; you may not make money on any one of them, but there's always something on which you can worry through the winter.

A recent article in a New York paper on the milk situation tells a good deal of truth in its closing paragraph. After showing how dairy farmers within less than a hundred miles of New York city have been complaining this summer, to sell at less than two cents a quart the milk which, five hours later, was sold to consumers at from seven to twelve cents a quart, and how this price the dairymen does not return him his outgo for grain and feed, to say nothing of labor and taxes and interest and insurance and depreciation—other words, the article concludes:

"If the farmer were a business man he would have stopped this a long time ago. The reason he does not stop it is because he is not a business man, and, raising his food on the farm, he is able to work for nothing without starving to death."

We are not in danger of famine, in this mountain-walled interval of which I know most. We don't have to sell our milk at less than its cost; we can feed the cows on green grass and get more good; we can eat the small potatoes, if they are not big enough to sell, and there are going to be some corn nibblers here and there and a little eye in the old apple hill lot, from which we can get "rye-and-injun" bread. But we, in this vicinity aren't going to buy any automobiles, or do much else, until the price of our produce shows this present summer.

The season has been the most remarkable and inexplicable of any in my remembrance. I've known springs as wet and cold as we have had this time; I've known drouths much longer and hotter than that which followed backward May and June. I've known one year which gave us a frost—light, to be sure, but still a frost—in both July and August while this year we haven't had a frost since middle May. I've never known a season when the wet and cold seemed to discourage crops so much, and the drouth seemed to hurt them so badly.

All the wisdom of our ancestors has been made foolish by the weather. For generations we've been repeating:

"A cold, wet May  
Means a barn full of hay."

This year we had as cold and as wet a May as anybody ever had—and the majority of us have a much lighter crop of hay than the average. On the other hand, the drouth has been so severe to reveal in hot, dry weather; yet our corn-fields made no response to the intense heat of July—other than to wither and drop dead in the sunny fields and to yellow and die in the shady areas. Potatoes on low, wet land have run to vines, with small and "scabby" tubers; on the drier fields they are generally yielding, but small potatoes and mighty few in a hill.

From a garden patch, one-half of which yielded me, last year, about forty bushels of salable potatoes, I have this year dug less than twenty-five bushels. There are six rows more to dig, which, according to what the other rows have done, will yield about a bushel to the row. That is, there will be thirty-one bushels from a patch just half of my last year's, which yielded forty bushels. Up to the 14th of August, I hadn't found a single decent ear of sweet corn in my four corn-rows, planted with eight varieties of seed. Last year, I was selling bun-kum good ears by the hundred, the last week in July. Green peas were exactly two weeks later in 1909 than in 1908, and the yield was no better than the very poor yield of last summer. Tomatoes, of which I raise quite a lot, and in the early production of which I take some pride, came on twenty days later than last year, and are generally yielding only a sparse crop. Onions, after seeming to stand the queer season better than any other crop, are generally yielding only a sparse crop. Early cabbage and cauliflower were both complete failures. I had a half-acre of early cauliflower, two hundred and forty early cauliflower plants haven't yielded me, thus far, a dozen heads fit to sell. Nor are

any more in prospect. I was selling cabbages in July, and cauliflower a month earlier, last season.

I had a good crop of asparagus, and the bed, which is now grown up after cessation of cutting, is a picture of thriftiness—the finest looking asparagus bed I ever happened to see. Summer squash are yielding big and fine; cucumbers, though starting late, are now doing well; early cukes and carrots are the best I ever had. Those five things—asparagus, summer squash, cucumbers, beets and carrots—are the only ones in my truck patch (in which about a hundred and thirty varieties of seed are growing) which come up to the normal. Nor are my neighbors any better off. Late as were my peas and corn and tomatoes, I know of no one in five miles who has had them as early. Poor as are my potatoes, I have heard of no one having anything better in his field.

Now it hasn't been bad seed nor poor land, nor improper cultivation nor lack of fertilizer which has caused all this. I have gained no special advantage from my neighbors. I have used the best seed that money can buy; I have put it in rich land, better land than the average, a good deal. I have fertilized it with stable manure and with the very highest grade of complete fertilizer, some of which has cost me \$45 a ton; I have given the land the best fitting I know how and have cultivated it as well as plows and harrows and cultivators and horse hoes and hand hoes and wheel hoes and fingers and thumbs can do it. I have used all the experience I have gained in sixteen years' trucking, and all the wisdom I have gathered from wide reading of agricultural authorities, and all the common sense I have. I have not done anything that I know how to do, and I have not done anything that I know how to do, and I have not done anything that I know how to do.

Now don't think that I am whimpering or moaning or even worrying. I'm not. The trouble isn't in me or my land or my seeds or my work—it's in the season. Old Stomper Nature has gone on a rampage, and she's doing what she pleases, when she pleases, as she pleases; and what she doesn't please to do, she won't do. I'm at the point of view she's decidedly "off her trolley." But I can't put her right any more than I can stop a thunder storm with a palm-leaf fan or sweep back an Atlantic tide with a broom. I'm at her mercy, just as much as a butterfly is at the mercy of the cyclone in which it has been caught. There's not one of us who can do anything to help her, and she's not going to help us. There's no excuse for the whimpering baby that does it. Likewise, there's no excuse for the inevitable or trying to stop the inevitable.

We can't govern the seasonal conditions under which we live and work. We can't even foresee them. That's what we know. We can't do anything to help her, and she's not going to help us. There's no excuse for the whimpering baby that does it. Likewise, there's no excuse for the inevitable or trying to stop the inevitable.

We can all of us do the best we are able to. We can't do anything to help her, and she's not going to help us. There's no excuse for the whimpering baby that does it. Likewise, there's no excuse for the inevitable or trying to stop the inevitable.

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Caleb Blanchard was in Norwich attending the reunion of the old Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

William E. Lathrop was in Boston on Wednesday.

John Bence is at his home for a few weeks.

Miss Kline Curran and Miss Eva Bennett were in Putnam on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rollison are entertaining Mr. High and daughter from Sherbrooke, N. B.

Miss Hazel Wood is visiting her sister in Providence, R. I.

Katie Brennan is visiting in Worcester, Mass.

A family reunion called N. F. Gagnon to Leominster, Mass.

Miss Amelia Berthume has been entertained by friends in Mechanicsville for two weeks.

Terrance Brennan and friend, Edward Coffey have returned to Lee, Mass.

George La Bonte has been in Millbury, Mass.

WEST WOODSTOCK

Ninth Birthday of Philip Morse Celebrated—News About Town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith of Fiskdale, Mass., visited at Keelm on Sunday.

New Cottage for Ashley Hibbard.

Ashley Hibbard has bought and is occupying the cottage opposite his blacksmith shop, formerly owned by Edw. Frost, on the corner of the road by his family as a summer home.

A. C. Winslow of Putnam called on numerous friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hicks were called home to Fiskdale Monday, by the illness of Mrs. Hicks' father, Mr. Whitaker.

Philip Morse Celebrates Birthday.

Philip Morse was given a birthday party by guests at Keelm, Wednesday afternoon with cake and fruit, candy and nuts were enjoyed and generous gifts presented to Master Morse in honor of his ninth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Wiswall, Miss Marian Wiswall and Mr. Fairbrother are guests at Clark house.

Attended Reception.

Mrs. E. L. Morse attended the reception given by Horace Wilder, the proprietor of The Windham County Observer, to correspondents at Putnam, Tuesday afternoon.

Attended Funeral of Mrs. Huldah Morse.

Mrs. E. L. Morse was called to Willimantic camp ground last Thursday morning by the illness and death of Mrs. Morse's mother, Mrs. Huldah Morse of Plainville, Mr. Morse followed on Saturday to attend the funeral services at East Hartford, and together Mr. and Mrs. Morse spent Sunday in Plainville with Mrs. Morse's sister, Mrs. R. H. Burton.

Burke Morse is visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. W. O. Smith, in East Brimfield, Mass.

Church Will Unite for Picnic.

The two churches here will unite with some of the neighboring churches for a picnic at Roseland park, Thursday, if the weather is favorable.

WEDDING.

Graham-Myers.

On Wednesday afternoon Rev. T. Turner of East Woodstock united in marriage Rev. Hugh Finlay Graham and Miss Mary Rachel Myers. The ceremony was performed under the spreading branches of a large tree on the lawn at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Myers of West Woodstock. The bride was dressed in a gown of white net with panel front and lace trimming and veil caught with white sweet peas. She was attended by her sister, Miss Clara Myers, as bridesmaid, who was also given in marriage. The groom wore a tuxedo of white net and lace, and was given away by his father, Raymond Corbin Barrows, a student at Massachusetts agricultural college, and a cousin, a large company of neighbors and friends and relatives were present. Among them was a good number from Mr. Graham's parish in Union. Miss Myrtle of Keelm, a cousin of the bride, played the wedding march. The gifts were beautiful and useful. Among them were handsome rugs, from Alex. Turkington, a cousin in Indiana, an embroidered dress pattern, from an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Webster of Florida; vases, from Hartford cousins; china, linen, jewelry and jewelry. After refreshments were served, the groom's carriage, beautifully decorated with white cloth, bouquets of hay, strings of bells and other things, brought to the door with much ceremony and the bride couple made to drive off, only to return a few minutes later. Miss Boyce of New Haven, a cousin, and Miss Mary of Hartford, a cousin, with piano selections. The house was prettily decorated with greens and golden glow, and later with confetti. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will go at once to New York City, where they will be at home after September 1st. Mrs. Graham already has a large circle of friends in Union, where she has been a resident for many years, and a host of good wishes follow her into her new position as wife of the pastor.

David L. Keyes, After Half Century in the West Revisits Place of Birth—James E. Adams Also Visits Former Home, on 70th Birthday.

The rain has come and given the roads and crops a thorough drenching and it is hoped the dust is laid for the rest of the season.

David L. Keyes from the far west visited his birthplace last week. He left here about 50 years ago and the family of that name were quite numerous here at that time, but now there are none of that name in town and but few relatives of the family.

James Erwin Adams of Brooklyn, N. Y., with his sister, Mrs. Andrew Adams, who lives with her son, Erwin, in Hartford, visited their birthplace here last week. Mr. Adams was here on his 70th birthday. He left here about the time of the beginning of the Civil war. He is a veteran of the war and his brother, H. H. Adams, who died a prisoner at Salisbury, N. C., has a headstone in the Lyon cemetery. His father, John E. Adams, was judge of probate for a number of years in this district. There are none of that name here now and but few who remember them.

Mrs. Cora H. Joslyn and two daughters are at H. E. Lincoln's.

Mrs. Nye, her oldest daughter, has her son Nelson with her. Mrs. Joslyn was born here.

Oliver H. Latham caught a 2-lb. black bass at Crystal lake last Saturday.

Roy E. Latham caught a good string of pickerel from the Hall reservoir last week.

DAYVILLE

Veterans Attend Reunion of Old Eighteenth in Norwich—News Items of the Week.

Master James Blanchard and sister of Lawrence, Mass., are visiting their grandfather, Mrs. James Blanchard.

Robert K. Bennett of Providence, R. I., has been a few days with Mrs. Fannie Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hackett welcomed a little daughter to their home on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. N. L. O'Connell is spending the month of August at Watch Hill, R. I.

William N. Bennett led the Christian Endeavor meeting on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Potter are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Bidwell on Sunday.

Miss Deborah Miller is visiting at Chumney Miller's.

William P. Kelly, Major Young and

WESTFORD.

Funeral of Mrs. Williams—Miss Lila Eastman Gave Lecture—Lawn Party for Miss Adams' Sunday School Class.

Mrs. Maytie Williams, daughter of C. A. Walker, who died at her home in Woodstock, was buried here Sunday. The funeral was held at the home of her father (Lane Pine cottage), Rev. Mr. Goodell of the Baptist church officiating. Mrs. Williams was a woman of more than ordinary intellect and was loved and respected by every one her family have the sympathy of all.

Leslie Bartow has been on a vacation to Stafford and South Coventry, returning home Monday.

Interesting Lecture.

Miss Lila Eastman, who is at her father's, Henry A. Eastman, for the summer, gave a lecture in the church Sunday evening. Those who heard Miss Eastman will well admit, as she is an exceptionally fine speaker.

Mrs. Hattie Whitmore of Gurleyville visited her mother, Mrs. E. Mowry over Sunday.

Moved Home.

Amidon & Arnold have bought a timber lot of John Spinner near the Hearse house and have their mill moved onto it.

Lawn Party.

Miss Ida Adams entertained her Sunday school with a lawn party Saturday afternoon. Ice cream and cake were served and the children just enjoyed themselves. This Wednesday is Bible meeting day in Chalmers' grove. If pleasant there will be a large attendance.

EAST WOODSTOCK.

Holiness Meetings Being Held—Personal Mention.

Miss Fanny Phillips was in town over Sunday, the guest of Miss Pratt.

Miss Lyle Turner was the guest of friends at Webster lake last week.

Miss Blanche Elliott of Grosvenordale is conducting Holiness meetings in A. O. U. W. hall. The first were held on Sunday afternoon and evening.

Richard Upham returned Saturday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Frederick Hull and daughter Constance of Providence.

Simmons of Florida is visiting relatives in town.

H. J. Potter of Hartford spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Potter at their country home in East Woodstock.

Pearl Alton returned Tuesday from a week's outing spent in Maine.

Mrs. H. J. Potter entertained on Thursday, Mrs. Abel Child, Mrs. Clara Child, Mrs. John Child, on Friday, Mrs. C. H. May and Mrs. Everett E. May.

Harry Cady has been quite ill the past week from indigestion. E. May taking his place on the butcher cart.

RAWSON

Stocking Family Reunion Successfully Held at Home of L. C. Stocking—Local Interests.

At the home of L. C. Stocking and F. B. Stocking, on Wednesday, there was a much-enjoyed family reunion of the Stockings. The day was perfect and the weather was a success. Those present were S. S. Stocking of Norwich, A. M. Stocking of Boston, Marvin Stocking and wife of Georgetown, Rev. C. W. Stocking of London, Mrs. Jennie Belden Stocking of Jamaica, L. I. Miss Emma Stocking of Bristol.

Frank Phillips was a visitor in Mansfield on Sunday.

W. E. Weeks, agent at Washington, R. I., was a caller in town on Sunday. Dwight Phillips has returned from a week's outing at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mead have returned to Norwich after spending two weeks with L. C. Stocking.

STERLING

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Anderson spent the week end in North Attleboro, Mass. Miss Louise Parsons is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vaughn.

Edgar Knapp of Peabody, R. I., called on relatives in this village on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Tootill and family recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tootill of Peabody, R. I.

The ball game Saturday between Plainfield and Sterling was well attended. Score 7-5 in favor of Plainfield.

WILSONVILLE

Miss Hattie Jennings was in New Boston a few days last week.

Quite a number from this place went to Boston on the B. & A. excursion last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jennings and son were at his father's over Sunday.

Mrs. Norman Town has been sick with pneumonia, but is much better.

Miss Kate Kelan has been entertaining friends from out of town.

TOLLAND COUNTY.

THOMPSON

Miss Green Returns to Brooklyn Hospital—Neighborhood Prayer Meeting at Home of Miss Ellen D. Larned.

Mrs. Emma Shaw Colclough closed her home Monday to spend a few weeks for rest out of town.

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